THE

ODE-MAKER.

A BURLESQUE on the

Dean of Kil--a's ODE

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *CA* ——— *N.*

Having nothing else to do,
He plagues himself and others too.

Dutch Hudib.

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Duck Hunt.

THE
ODE-MAKER, &c.

WELL! *Sm----y*, ſince thou wilt expoſe
Thy ſelf in Verſe, as well as Proſe,
And teize thy Friends as well as Foes;
Be patient my Advice to hear,
Rave within thy proper Sphere.
Treat not of Subjects ſo Sublime
In gingling, empty, dogrel Rhime;
But hit thy Genius, ſuit thy Muſe,
And Ballad-ſwelling-Matter chuſe;
Chuſe ſomething whimſical and odd,
But ſpare, be ſure, the Word of God.

Tell us what *Swift* is now a doing:
Or whineing Politicks or Wooing;
With Sentence grave, or Mirth uncommon,
Pois'ning the Clergy and the Women;
Do! prithee, flutt'ring, ſmatt'ring Poet,
For thou, dear Dean, or none muſt do it.
Shew us, in ſympathetic Strain,
The Twin-Conceit of Brother-Dean:
He's always Odd, and always New,
Idle, and Humorous as You.

Is he at Ombre or at Tea?
Writing a Pamphlet or a Play?
Sneaking to *Nutly*'s, in a Chair,
Or riding, on the *Strand*, for Air?
Or is he Lolling on his Elbow,
Thinking what, often, *John* and *Nel* do,
Shewing how well he can rehearſe
The naſtieſt Thing in cleaneſt Verſe:

Inventing Whims, preparing Rhimes
To bleſs the World in better Times?

Or is He caſting *Perkin*'s Doom,
And prophecying Things to come,
When ſtaunch, old Tories ſhall take Place?
Or new Apoſtates yern with Grace?
When *Bolingbroke* ſhall be reſtor'd,
And He himſelf yclyp'd, *my Lord*?

Or is He ſettling Schemes of Life?
Money, be ſure; be ſure no Wife.
I' th' Morning fixing Water-Gruel,
Tea is damn'd dear, and will not do well:
At Noon no *Diſhes*; No! a Chop
Stole in by *John* from Neighbouring Shop,
Where Diet ready-dreſs'd is Sold,
A Griſking hot, or Sawſage cold;
And for the Night, a Cruſt of Bread
And Pint of Wine, and ſo to Bed.

Unleſs, when Winds have been full Eaſt,
And Pacquets bring a Rebel-Gueſt,
Full-fraught with News; then ev'ry Door
Being ſhut, to Chat their Treaſon o'er,
And o'er agen, full Bowls go round
With ſprightly Mirth and Faction crown'd,
And *John* is bid to Cut; and Cut on,
Till a whole Yard of Neck of Mutton
He into Chops diſſects, to cloy
Th' admiring Family, for Joy.

But, if no News-monger appears,
Or if h' adviſe from adverſe Stars;
Thinly, at Home, the Dean is fed;
Or viſits, for his daily Bread;
And *John* and *Nell*, with Whey-like Beer,
Brown-Loaf and Cheeſe, (moſt hearty Fare,)

Having

Having indulg'd, may take their Eaſe,
Love, Snore, or Sing, or what they pleaſe.

Something, like this, methinks, good Dean,
Were better than Heroic Strain.
Or, if your Reverence had thought fit
To ſhew your Scrub, half-witted Wit,
Amongſt the Sword, the Robe, and Gown
Who envy'd ſhine in *Dublin* Town,
You might pick out, as thick as Hops,
Poets, Punſters, Ladies, Fops
Tart and Bright, and very Dull,
With Paunch well ſtuff'd, and empty Scull;
And ſing 'em making *Bulls*, and quaffing,
Chawing, Blundring, ever Laughing.

Or, if thou art for meaner Work,
Skim thy Thoughts away to *Cork*,
Deſcribe thy *Biſhop* learn'd and wiſe,
Lab'ring at ſenceleſs Niceties,
Inventing Sins, creating Evil,
And making *New Work* for the Devil;
Whereas the Crimes already paſt, are
More than Fleſh and Blood can maſter:
However that thy wonted Care
Of Mother-Church may full appear,
Thy Biſhop at his *See*, diſgrace,
And drink *THE MEMORY* to his Face.

Tell him the *Cure of Souls*, of late,
Is deem'd unbred for Prieſts of *State*; As ———
That, as no Roof or ſacred Wall
Adorns thy Pariſh, none e'er ſhall;
And if thy Wiſh were truly known
'Tis, that *Killalla* Church were down.

Or, leſt thy Rhyming Vein ſhou'd cool,
What if thy Friend Sir *Richard*'s ----- *Pool*

Thou didſt deſcribe, in Lines and Feet,
For that queer Nick-nack pate and sheet;
Inform'd the Town, (this Freek being over,)
He would proceed, and ſhun diſcover,
An Art, long doom'd to deep Deſpair,
And SHEW'D Cloſe in the Air.

Inſtead of this, from *Pindar's* Wing
You Gooſe-Quills draw; make *Welſted* ſing,
Smooth and ſad Verſes, not his own;
And yet they are, for He alone
Was born to ſing the Heroe's Doom,
Both paſt, and preſent, and to come.

Dear Doctor, 'tis a mournful Thing,
If you Hold-forth juſt as you ſing;
So ſoft's your Song, ſo ſmooth your Art,
You'll ne'er affect your People's Heart.

And yet, tho' Verſes thick do flow
From your ſwift Pen, as Winter's Snow,
You left your Work moſt crudely done,
And ended, juſt as you begun.

But this Friend *Welſted* muſt repair,
Welſted! blooming, young, and *Fair*;
To his Maſter-ſtroke, and Touch,
Belongs the *Barrier and the Dutch.*
Wou'd he had done it, or that you
Wou'd, like your ſelf, your Theme purſue.
——— As Thus. ——— for
Cadogan! ſprung of old *Welch* Blood,
Luſtre to thy antient Brood!
Permit thy Chaplain, Poet, Friend,
His Mind with Verſe awhile t'unbend
Neglecting both his Drink, and Food,
To ſing the Man that does him good.

BRITON! bold and honeſt too,
Ev'ry Vertue is thy due,
Ev'ry Poet, ev'ry Bard,
In thy Cauſe ſhall ſoon be heard;
And when I my Lines have done,
Welſted next ſhall ſcribble on.
In the mean while pray, Sir, peruſe
The following Efforts of my Muſe.

How! uniform thy Toil and Care,
For *GEORGE* and *Britain's* Welfare are?
Poſtponing Intereſt, Eaſe and Blood,
For ev'ry Thing of Publick Good.

Free from the falſe and petty Jars
Of Functo-Tricks and Cloſet-Wars,
Bold and daring to adviſe,
(The beſt Effect of being Wiſe;)
But honeſt alſo, not to give
Advice, unfit for to receive.

Go on *Great*, Sir, and don't beſtow
Favours on a flatt'ring Foe;
Nor treat Mankind with unbred Mien,
With ſaucy, awker'd, ſow'r Diſdain.

Your happy Clients ſtill attend
The Patron, Gentleman and Friend.

But ſtop my Muſe and ruth thy Reins,
Check thy fond and well-meant Strains;
What the Patron likes (I fear)
The Critic's Cenſure cannot ſpare.

Begin then, *Welſted*, bright and young,
Correct's thy Speech and ſweet thy Tongue.
Born! to celebrate his Praiſe,
Who's born the Subject of thy Lays.

Thus,

Thus, whilſt *Virgil*, *Horace* write,
Mæcenas is the World's Delight;

When thou'ſt ſpun thy tuneful Verſe,
The paſt and preſent to rehearſe;
Let thy ſtrong prophetick Rhimes
Foreſtal th' Eclat of future Times,
Give the Hero many Years,
Proſp'rous Peace, ſucceſsful Wars,
Paint him at the Helm of State,
Telling foreign Pow'rs their Fate;
Conſulting *Britain*'s Quiet and Eaſe
Through all the Civil-Arts of Peace:
And ſometimes, for his Country's Good,
Working through a Sea of Blood;
And when this is ſaid, and more,
And Praiſes rattl'd o'er and o'er,
Give the Earl at once his Due,
Tell the World *it is moſt true*,
That he his Life did ever guide,
By ſticking to one honeſt Side;
And, unto Death, there's no one Art,
Him and his Cauſe ſhall ever part:
That he t'adviſe the KING is fit;
Has Judgment, and is bleſs'd with Wit:
And in ſhort, when *Marlbro'* dies,
And Fate has clos'd thoſe glorious Eyes,
There's no one Subject in this Land
Fit the Army to command,
But *Cadogan*——— And for Rhime,
Good-by, ſmart Poet, till next time.

FINIS.